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THE PLUMED KNIGHT'S RETURN.

Let us hope that the splendid steamer the City of New York will arrive safely at her dock to-day or to-morrow. Let us hope that Mr. BLAINE and all on board will be found in good health and spirits. Let us hope that the great BLAINE demonstration will be as enthusiastic as the friends of the leading Republican statesman of the day could wish. Let us hope that JOSEPH MARLEY, STEVE ELKINS, TOM PLATT, JOHNNY O'BRIEN and the rest of the welcoming politicians will thoroughly enjoy themselves and that no loafer or ragamuffin will disturb the procession by any allusion to MULLIGAN, FISHER or burning letters.

But let us also hope that there is no particle of truth in the rumor that Gen. HANNAH is to be asked to resign in favor of BLAINE. Of course the story is a humbug, because it suggests an impossibility. But if it were practicable it would be needless. Everybody knows that, in the event of HANNAH's election, BLAINE, as the leading Republican in the nation, would practically control the Administration.

A PRACTICAL TRIUMPH.

Coroner MESSEMER won a practical victory yesterday in the Supreme Court, although Judge PATTERSON decided that he could not compel Secretary McLEARN to produce the slaughter record of the company. The ground of the decision was the plea that its production would tend to criminate McLEARN, who is committed for manslaughter. This is a virtual admission that the committee is just and the accused guilty.

Judge PATTERSON distinctly stated that the investigation before the Coroner could not be in any manner interfered with, the Court simply holding that an accused person cannot be committed for contempt for refusing to criminate himself. So Coroner Messemer will continue the inquiry until the whole facts of the bobbait car danger are in possession of the public.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

It is evident that the persons who are to blame for the importation of cheap cotton labor from Europe, to the injury of American workmen and in direct violation of law, are not the miserable labor brokers, who stand somewhat in the same position as the old slave plantation overseers, so much as the highly protected manufacturers, monopolists and corporations who are always prating about the protection of American labor. The investigations of the Congressional Committee are making it clear that the Commissioners of Emigration, who are all Republican politicians, have conveniently closed their eyes to the most flagrant cases of such forbidden immigration when the imported labor was intended for the profit of our protected "infant industries."

The labor brokers have generally disposed of their human goods in advance of their importation. In every case the contract labor has been engaged by some highly protected industry, whose profits under the war tariff, large as they are, are increased by this hiring of the "pauper labor" of Europe. Some interesting facts will be developed by Mr. FORD's efficient committee.

THE BOWERY DEATH-TRAP.

Coroner LAY is holding an inquest on the victims of the terrible Bowery fire. It is well that our Coroners are men who have the honesty and the firmness to do their duty in such cases.

The existence of such a fearful death-trap in the most crowded part of a thoroughfare like the Bowery could not have been possible if the laws had been properly enforced. It is inconceivable how the Building Bureau or the Fire Department could have allowed an army of people to be lived in a building of a combustible character, shut out from escape, and utterly at the mercy of the flames.

even in the daytime, whenever a fire might occur.

Such a cruel death-trap ought not to have been tolerated in the city, and it is to be hoped that Coroner LAY will make it plain upon whom the responsibility rests, whether on the public authorities or the owner of the perilous den.

Another terrible fire in a tenement-house on the corner of Avenue A and Fifty-sixth street at an early hour this morning destroyed four lives and severely injured a number of other inmates. The dead are Mr. and Mrs. BERO, their fourteen-year-old daughter LIZZIE and Mrs. KRAUSE, the mother of Mrs. BERO. The flames were discovered by the policeman on duty, and the police and firemen as usual did heroic work in rescuing many of those who were saved from a cruel death.

Mayor HEWITT grows joggier now that he has made up his mind to accept a nomination for Mayor if it is tendered him. He tells the reporters that his first conference with Mr. REID, of the Tribune, related to the burning of Mr. REID's house so that he could get the insurance, while at his second conference it was proposed to burn down the training-school for male nurses. Of course this is a joke. Yet the conferences did doubtless contemplate setting some political households aflame.

The Anarchists of Chicago have started schools for the instruction and training of children between the ages of five and fifteen years in the principles of Anarchy. The law or the people ought to be able to discover some means of putting a stop to this new villainy.

We congratulate the drivers and conductors of the Croton street railroad in Brooklyn on the successful settlement of their strike. We told them that if they would be peaceable and law-abiding they would succeed, and they find our prediction verified.

The friends of MAXWELL, the trunk murderer, are making a last strong effort to save his neck, but with poor prospect of success. It is not believed that Gov. MONROE will interfere with the execution of the sentence.

Will Mayor HEWITT please add to his list another death from the electric wires? Then will he resume his duties on the Subway Commission and cease his obstruction to the burying of the deadly wires?

SEEN ON MARKET STALLS.

Lettuce, 4 cents.
Bread, 10 cents.
Cabbage, 20 per 100.
Lemons, 15 for 25 cents.
Clams, 15 cents a string.
Celery, 15 cents a bunch.
Apples, 25 cents a quart.
Oranges, 60 cents a dozen.
Green peas, 60 cents a peck.
Watermelons, 95 to 100 cents.
Lima beans, 50 cents a peck.
Peas, 60 cents to \$1 a dozen.
Blackberries, 10 cents a quart.
Grapes, 20 to 30 cents a pound.
Tomatoes, 7 to 15 cents a quart.
Sweet potatoes, 60 cents a peck.
Native Spanish macaroni, 50 cents.
Corn, 15 cents a dozen; best, 25 cents.
Pumpkins, 30 cents a dozen; best, 40 to 50 cents.
Peaches, 50 cents a dozen; best, 50 cents to \$1.

WORLDLINGS.

There are a dozen men in Milwaukee who carry a life insurance of more than \$500,000 each. One, a prominent railroad man, is insured for \$500,000.

One of the curiosities on exhibition at the Cincinnati Centennial is a petrified watermelon, which was found near the quarries of the Southern Granite Company, at Lithonia, Ga.

Dennis Murphy, the stenographer who reports the proceedings of the Senate for the Congressional Record, receives a salary of \$25,000 a year for doing so. Out of this sum he pays several clerks and shorthand men to aid him.

POINTS FROM THE PRECINCTS.

Sergt. Price has joined the ranks of the Prohibition party and is making converts daily on the force.

Sergt. Heape is pestered to death by the men in the Second Precinct over his funny blunder in estimating a team of horses, a brewer's wagon and ten kegs of beer at \$35,000.

Capt. Cassidy wants a general law to prohibit the use of gas and oil stoves in crowded factories and tenement-houses.

Sergt. Schmittberger runs an aquarium and menagerie at Mount Hope. He had goldfish, parrots, imported tigers and a young chimpanzee.

The town police reporter Jacob A. Rile has taken a two-weeks' vacation which he will spend at Richmond Hill in repairing his fences.

Commissioner Voorhis declares that he has not discovered the Majority bias in his bonnet, and if it is there it does no buzzing. He is a Hewitt man.

Property Clerk Harriot has returned from a social visit to Edward Kearney's place at Saratoga. On Sunday he enjoyed an Indian dinner, with fresh corn served in the husks, washed down with champagne and claret. At the table as Mr. Kearney's guests were Augustus Dechary, H. D. Purroy and Mr. Harriot.

POLITICS BOILED DOWN.

Mayor Hewitt leaves to-day for Sharon Springs. His vacation will last two weeks.

Senator Jacob A. Cantor will forget all about politics for a few weeks. He is to become a benedict to-day.

President George H. Foster, of the Board of Aldermen, will be acting Mayor for the next two weeks.

The Michael C. Murphy Legion will number 1,300 well-drilled and handsomely uniformed men. The corps is now being drilled by companies.

The Tammany Society of the Annexed District is having its twelfth annual excursion to-day. The trip is to Osewannah Island, Hudson River.

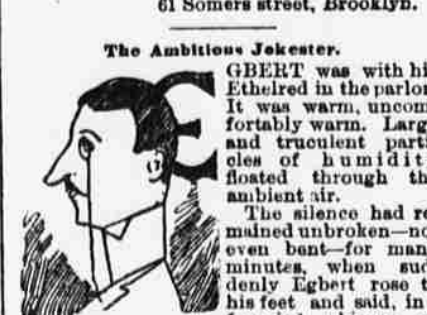
Gov. Hill may accept Mayor Hewitt's invitation to spend a few days of the latter part of the month at the Mayor's country residence, Ringwood, N. J.

THE FESTIVE JOKER RHIGNS.



The Danger of Travel.
Charlie—Harry, do you know that I don't like to travel on the railroad on Monday?
Harry—Charlie—Because there's always a washout on the line.
JAMES BONTREE,
187 Washington street, New Haven, Conn.

An Opportunity for a Bank Clerk.
A young lady, whose name was Catherine, did not like the name, and changed it to May. She went to the bank to deposit some money, and gave the name May. After leaving the bank she thought there would be some trouble about the name, if anything happened. Going back to the bank, she addressed the clerk:
"Are you engaged?"
Clerk—Not at present.
Young Lady—Well, I would like to change my name.
M. J. WARD,
61 Somers street, Brooklyn.



The Ambitious Jokester.
GERT was with his father in the parlor. It was warm, uncomfortably warm. Large and truculent parties of him and his father floated through the ambient air. The silence had remained unbroken—not even a beat—for many minutes, when suddenly Gert rose to his feet and said, in a frenzied whisper, as he rushed to the door:
"Ethelred, I have written poetry. Ah! turn not so pale; it is but brief, and, I assure you, written under extraordinary circumstances. This EVENING WORLD has offered a prize, and I want to be a joker and with the jokers stand, the crown upon my forehead, the \$25 in my hand."
"Oh, Gert, spare me! I read your poem and be quick. The night wanes apace, and my father's step will soon resound upon the staircase."
As he sank back in the chair Gert read in a husky voice:

"The tramp in his wanderings,
Abroad and at home,
Must agree with the saying,
'All roads lead to Rome.'"
Then the silence became so prevalent they could distinctly hear the tick of the grocer's books around the corner.
G. H. P.

The Festive Carpet-Cleaner.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
The following is original:
The first thing I do with the carpet reminds me of trusting. I hang it up.
The next thing I do reminds me of the New York Baseball team. It's hard to beat.
The next thing I do reminds me of a grapping old friend by the hand. I shake it.
The next thing I do reminds me of an undertaker. I lay it out.
The next thing I do reminds me of an election when every man who is nominated by one party is elected. A clean sweep.
While putting the carpet down, I need of sailing against the wind. I have to keep tacking.
WALTER LAKE,
1105 Third avenue.

More Bridge Shoppers.
Why should Irishmen love the East River? Because it has taken millions of dollars to bridge it (Bri) get.
Why is each approach like a lazy dog? It's a slope up (slow pup).
HARRY CUBBY,
New Brighton, Aug. 6.

A Chestnut in a New Shell.
"Ah, yes," remarked the poetess,
"I know that I can write;
For have I not an unborn tress,
While Pegasus is white?"
ANTHONY LUCAS, Albany, N. Y.

A Little Fish Story.
A few days ago a travel-stained tramp entered a farmer's house just about an hour previous to dinner. He offered to chop some wood, if he were given a square meal in return. The farmer's wife, who had no need of wood for her stove, set him to work at once. When dinner time came she called him inside, and having fish for dinner, put one little smelt on the plate, at the completion of which she said: "I can write."

The tramp doubtfully lifted his little fish on the fork, held it to his ears and returned it to the plate, repeating this several times. Being at last asked what he meant by doing this, he answered:

"A brother of mine crossed the sea about six months ago, but not having heard from him so far I thought I would ask the fish whether he could give me any tidings."

"Well, and what did the fish say?" asked the farmer's wife.
The tramp answered: "The fish told me he was too young to know much about the sea, but if I would ask one of the big fish on the platter he might be able to answer my question."
Dr. S. SELLIS, 222 Bowery.

A Batch of Little Ones.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
Some men run down their friends, while others run across them.

The truest person may sometimes play the lyre.

At a great Socialist meeting held in this city recently, one of the speakers, in glowing terms, compared the actions of Herr Most, his worthy chief, to Ajax defying the lightning, but through the stenographer's inadvertence it went into the papers as "a jacksack defying the lightning."

The man who allows his cholera to get the best of him deserves a cuff on the ear.

"Since I broke my funny-bone my arm has filled with humor," wrote a patient to his doctor the other day. "How would you treat it?" "As a joke," answered the doctor, facetiously.

Jay Gould has again made a good deal out of somebody else's bad deal lately.

Dr. DEAR,
Jewellers' Review, Astor House, New York, Aug. 5.

This Does Sound Original, But—
To the Editor of the Evening World:
Why was Lady Godiva's ride a novelty? Because it was a new (nude) departure.
This is mine. If any other fellow ever thought of it he ought to be killed.
G. M. HUNTINGTON,
Post-Office box 2,678.

The Atlas Being Solved.
"Ethel," said the teacher, "whom do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?"
"Atlas, sir."
"You are quite right," said the teacher;

"I suppose," said Ethel, softly,—"I suppose he married a rich wife."

MIDWINTER JACKS.
670. East One Hundred and Fifty-second street.

Kill or Cure.
A miserly old farmer, whose wife was taken very ill, called upon the village doctor to attend her, but the doctor wanted an understanding as to the terms. The old farmer said: "There are \$10 which you shall have whether you kill or cure her."
The woman died and the doctor called for his money.
"Did you kill my wife?" asked the farmer.
"Certainly not," replied the doctor.
"Well, then," said the farmer, "leave the house as soon as possible. A bargain's a bargain. It was kill or cure, but you did neither."
F. W. SHELLEY,
214 Keap street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., Aug. 5.

The World is Round.
"Say, Jones, do you really believe the world is round?"
"Most assuredly, Brown; many million copies a year shows it's 'round many where.'"
F. STANTON,
149 West Tenth street.

A Very Bad Pun.
A sailor having been shipwrecked some years ago, saved from the debris pieces of rope and chips from the mastheads. He refers to them now as the "wreck collections" (recollections) of the past.
MATTHEW FULD,
349 East Fifty-second street.

This is No Joke.
The joke about the tramp and the bullets, submitted by William Walsh, 32 Vandam street, was taken verbatim from the issue of Judge of Feb. 25, vol. 13, No. 892. Plagiarism, as well as murder, will out, and this case should be a warning to all competitors. A stolen joke has absolutely no chance for the prize and can only result in the exposure of the person who submits it. Verbum sap. Ed.

HOW IT HAPPENED

Scene: Jefferson Market Court Sunday morning.
Say, Judge, if you'll let me give my gables
Wid der four eyes der dead quiet
Fer to close up der free lunch tunnel
An' I'll reef der twine like a major
An' yer der der bull business straight,
An' while I'm a shootin der klaser
Jes you put it down on der slate.
Yer say, it was down in MerGlen's
We wer' ratten der bones fer der beer,
Wen dis Jay wid der Sunday school whalers
Wen fer der work dis guy queer.
He was fumbled around wid his fingers
Wen I jas got his fork on my fob,
Den I deat him er sook in der gigam
An' put me left bunch of fives on his gob.
Der fake was a hieten me super
When I kinder inwiden wid his affairs.
It was der last gift me old woman giv me
"Fore she clime up der bright, shiny stairs,
So yer say, Judge, I wanted dat asper,
Wen he was tried fer ter twig ter me
Why I kinder mused up his collar
An' walked on his neck. Der yer seat
An' den he squealed fer der copper.
I was der chawin' and der chewin' der beer,
An' now I'se der good fer er sixer
Becuz I'm a tough, not a sneak.
Discharged der yer say? Much erbliged, Judge,
Fer der I was growed in der hook
I fusseis me grub on der level
An' I've got no use fer a crook.

SAMUEL J. BENNETT,
407 West Nineteenth street, city.

JOHN SWINTON CAN SEE.

After Weeks of Blindness, the Veteran's Sight Is Partially Restored.
John Swinton is progressing well at Dr. Knapp's Eye and Ear Infirmary, 46 East Twelfth street. He will have to remain in a darkened room for some days yet. Experiments at yesterday, however, show that he is not all of the old man, and that he is able to read the headline in a paper. "Gen. Sheridan's Death."

The veteran journalist is cheerful and hopeful, and is now prepared as yet to undertake a similar operation on his left eye. Although cocaine was used, Mr. Swinton avows that this did not absolutely deaden the pain occasioned by removing the crystalline lens of his eye.

After weeks of blindness, coming close on the failure of his paper, and his recent violent sickness, he is still game, full of courageous energy and as ready for journalistic work as ever.

Their Camp Life Over for This Year.
The Camping Club have returned from their summer sojourn up Long Island Sound. Among some of the prominent members of the club are Ernest W. Kennedy, W. Charles Austin, Charles H. Smith, and others.

Got Back Their Stolen Goods.
Thornton L. Mercer, the thieving waiter on the Fall River line of steamboats, was held for trial on the complaint of the "Home" this morning. Detectives Mallon and Vail, of Capt. Gastin's steamboat squad, who arrested the porter and recovered a trunk full of stolen property, turned over the spoil to the rightful claimants.

Little Phil in Wax.
A life-size figure of Gen. Sheridan is conspicuous in the group entitled "The Surrender of Lee to Gen. Grant," at the Eden Musée. The figure has all the dash that distinguished Little Phil in his life, and is a source of attraction.

The entire group is well worth an inspection, as it portrays all the generals who were present at this stirring scene.

They Take Turns at Getting Drunk.
The blue coat of the old block, a prisoner before Justice Duffy, at Essex Market to-day, was the subject of a good deal of conversation.

Meant His Evil Genius, Perhaps.
Fourteen-year-old Solomon Schwartz, of 654 East Twelfth street, who is big enough to be sixteen years, stole \$5 from the drawer of Frederick Muller's butcher shop at 754 Lewis street last night. At Essex Market Court this morning he said: "A big toy told me to do it." He was held for trial.

Cleaned from Hotel Registers.
Lieut. Wm. F. Ryan and wife, U. S. A., are at the Grand Hotel.

W. C. Leonard, of Albuquerque, N. M., is a morning arrival at the Stuyvesant Hotel.

At the Hotel Madison, the Count de Brose, of Paris, and William A. Park, of Scotland.

Samuel H. Penn, of Elmira, and Wm. Hunt, of Hot Springs, Ark., are registered at the Hotel Baronne.

Henry Harper, of Philadelphia, and Robert Barton, of Providence, R. I., are at the Astor Hotel.

Fun for Printers.
The eighth annual picnic and games of the Printers' Benevolent Association will be held in Broomers Union Park on Saturday.

The contests will embrace runs of 15 yards, 20 yards, half a mile, a mile, and two miles, mile walk, a fat men's race and a boys' race, the last being for printers' sons only. Handsome prizes will be given.

Well Fixed for Smoking.
Office of'Brien arrested Thomas F. Carlan, of 10 Harrison street, Brooklyn, at Pell street, and the Bowery early this morning as a suspicious person. In his possession were 200 Ecig cigarettes. Carlan refused to tell how he obtained them. He was locked up in the Elizabeth street station.

FROM THE CITY'S WHERE.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

How the Finest Were Set Upon When Old Mattell Ran Headquarters.
The members of the present Board of Police Commissioners are comparatively lenient with the men on the force as compared with the old times when Commissioner Mattell ran things. He has the credit of having made the New York police force the efficient body that it is, and was a great stickler for discipline.

A story that is told by one of the veterans in the ranks shows how clear Mr. Mattell was of bestowing commendation, even when it was well deserved, for fear of encouraging familiarity among his subordinates.

The Commissioner once had his pocket picked, while at a public meeting, of a valuable old watch. Some time afterwards the timepiece was recovered through the efforts of a policeman of the Mercer street station. It was turned over to the Captain of the precinct, who gave it to the Commissioner and received all the credit of making a good capture.

This made the policeman feel rather sore, as he had done all the work, and thought that at least some of the commendation should go to himself. A few days after the watch had been returned to its owner, the policeman in question while on his post on Astor place, saw Commissioner Mattell coming along the street, and made up his mind to "brace" him. So he walked up to his superior, and giving the salute, said:

"I would like to say to you, Mr. Commissioner, that I am the officer who caught the man who stole your watch, and was the means of returning it to you."

"Humph!" said the Commissioner, barely stopping to listen to the speech. "You were, eh? Well, you were long enough about it. Go and patrol your post."

The officer retired in some confusion after this ungracious response, but it was not long after that he received notice of his appointment as a Sergeant.

The Story of the Lion and the Lamb Lying Down Together Was Nothing to This.

A sign painted in large black letters which says that the "Chicago Young Men's Bialine Club" have their headquarters in room 15 of the Hoffman House hangs in the lobby just above the hall boys' bench in that hotel.

On the opposite side of the corridor are several cardboards equally large announcing the hotel as the headquarters of the Democratic State Committee. On this side are pictures of the Democratic candidates.

They seem perfectly at home in this hotel, and together with the other insignia of their party to be seen about the hotels, make a striking contrast to the large and lonely sign of the young Chicago Republicans, who do not seem at all warmed by the Democratic air which pervades the place.

One of them, whose coat was decorated with a blue and gold badge of their organization, said to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning:

"We don't care a rap how many Democratic symbols they hang up. We are solid for Uncle Ben, come what will."

"About 150, I should think," Charles E. Rand, son of the big publisher, is our Chairman, although not all of us could be counted under the head of 'young men,' we are of the kind who never get old, and we all hear us 'whoop' if you come to Chicago during the election."

Enter the Yellow Dog with a Natural Hatred for the Feline Tribe—Next!
"Wow! Wow! Wow!!!"
"Bow-wow-wow! Bow!"

The cats in the block just north of Forty-third street and west of Sixth avenue continue to make the nights hideous with their yell, notwithstanding THE EVENING WORLD's recent exposure in this column of their disturbance.

But one of the neighbors has purchased a big yellow dog, and every one is awaiting the result with great anxiety.

The cur is quite savage, evidently not having been accustomed to being cooped up in a little back yard for any length of time. He has been added to his ferocious manifestations with his lungs and throat he has shown in several ways a natural hatred for the feline tribe in general and the cat species in particular.

Whether or not this is because his mother was disturbed in her sleep by cats or his father was compelled to eat after a pet kitten has not yet been ascertained.

It is enough to say that each demonstration of the cats is followed by a procession of long-drawn-out yelps that promise a speedy and permanent cure.

The dog has a remarkably strong voice, and the first time he sang out about a dozen of the cats scampered away with their back hair all on end and their tails looking distorted.

Their first impression, no doubt, was that the City of New York had arrived and a big jubilee was near at hand, but in three seconds they discovered their delusion.

The dog has not yet had time to get nicely started in his music, so it would be unjust to pass judgment upon him, but an EVENING WORLD reporter watched at night, by his window, overlooking the scene of strife, and the readers of this paper may expect the latest developments as fast as they are unfolded.

An Obscure East Side Stand Which Lovers of Soft-Shell Crabs Swear By.

As an EVENING WORLD reporter was walking through a certain street which leads to the East River, his attention was attracted to a line of men who seemed to be eating, and another line of men who evidently wanted to eat.

The reporter found that the coveted food was soft-shell crabs. The proprietor of the stand, a man of sixty years or more, wore a blue cambric shirt, a clean white apron and a smiling countenance.

He was kept very busy serving his customers and making change. During a minute's interval he said that business was good, that his sales averaged 200 crabs a day, which at 10 cents each brought him \$20.

"Who are your customers?" he was asked.

"My customers come from all quarters. The marketmen across the street patronize my stand very freely. Transient trade is very good also. Excursion and yachting parties, and even lawyers and brokers further downtown send their boys up here for my goods, for they realize that I sell for 10 cents the same crab, that is cooked as well as I can, and that they would pay 25 cents or more for in so-called high-toned places.

This warm weather is a good thing for me and is a reason for people not coming to burn fires, and this increases our trade."

BOATMEN COMPLAINT.

Mr. Heinebrenthal Said to Have Gone Back on His Promise to Employ Union Men.

The Miscellaneous Section of the Central Labor Union met last night at 145 Eighth street, with Delegate Nicolai, of the International Boatmen's Union, in the chair, and Delegate Wolf, of the Carl Schurz Club in the vice-chair.

Delegates were admitted from the Peddler's Union. The Arbitration Committee reported progress on the Barrett case.

The Boatmen's Union reported that Mr. Heinebrenthal, of 111 Broadway, had failed to live up to his agreement made with Secretary Bohm to employ union men, and the same committee was instructed to visit him again.

The Secretary was instructed to send word to all organizations that their delegats must attend the next meeting regularly.

The W. I. C. Association of Coopers sent a committee to set up all dues and withdraw from the section.

The section requested the Central Union to appoint a committee of five to revise the constitution.

The Central Labor Union will be asked by the section whether the organization is attached to it will be allowed to hire union musicians for Labor Day, whether they belong to the Central Union or not.

POSTMEN WANT VINDICATION.

Not to Be Cheated Out of Their Eight-Hour Day by Bogus Charges.

The non-enforcement of the Eight-Hour law by Postmaster Pearson continues to be a subject of warm discussion among the employees of his office and in political and organized labor circles. Thousands of names have been signed to the petitions for Mr. Pearson's removal.

The members of the New York Letter-Carriers' Association are so indignant over Mr. Pearson's recent charge that a conspiracy was effected two years ago to poison certain letter-carriers, that a special meeting has been called for the purpose of demanding of the Postmaster the authority for the statement and a rigid investigation of the whole matter.

The association feels that it is before the bar of public opinion, and a full explanation is due the public. It disclaims any such conspiracy as that charged and proposes to be vindicated in such disclaimers.

In the Labor Field.
The Food Producers' Section meets to-night at 145 Eighth street.

The street laborers of Omaha have settled their strike on a basis of \$1.75 a day.

The shoemakers' societies of